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### NOW-A-DAYS.

BY ANDREW EADIE.

O my! how everything has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw,
Tied close beneath the chin,
And shawls laid neatly o'er the neck
And fastened with a pin.

But now-a-days the ladies wear
Such high three-storied hats,
With feathers running all around
To cover up the flats,
Then frocks that fall so very low
And trail a yard behind.
They remade the giddy for to catch,
Yet sometimes catch the blind.

And then to think that some young girls
Will almost faint away
If they are left to sit alone
In wagon or in sleigh;
And as for getting pa his meals,
Or helping ma to bake,
Oh! that would spoil their lily hands
From baking "angel cake."

When snow would fall I was so pleased,
And how my heart did flutter,
As each beau took his sweetheart out
Sleigh-riding in his cutter;
But when the storm was bleak and cold
The girls and beaus together
Would meet and have a good straw ride
In spite of wind and weather.

But now, indeed, it grieves me much
That I am forced to mention,
However kind a young man's heart,
Or honest his intention,
He dare not ask a girl to ride
Or such a thing is waged!
Unless he does her more than twice,
And they must be engaged.

Land sakes! what are we coming to?
Is what I want to know.
How do the girls expect to have
A sensible young beau?
Where'er they get a nice young man
They cut too great a dash,
And then the grand result soon comes,
A universal crash!

### Franklin as a Writer.

His pen was as ready as his purse in the service of all human kindness. And what a pen it was! It could discourse metaphysics so clearly and lucidly as to make them seem plain moralizing. It could tear a sophism to pieces by a mere query. It could make a simple tale read like a subtile argument. He could be grave and he could be gay in a breath. He could spend as much wit and humor on a "Craven Street Gazette"—which was meant only to amuse an old landlady, away from home, and probably out of joint before her return from Rochester—as on a State paper designed to fire America and sting England. In another tone, he translates into human language, for the amusement of a court lady, the reflections, in the garden of her house, of a gray-headed ephemera, full seven hours old, on the vanity of all things. His "Petition of the Left Hand," might have been composed by Addison. In it, the left hand bewails the partiality which educates the right hand exclusively. Some of Franklin's fables and tales have been so absorbed into the thought of the world that their source is absolutely forgotten. Only in this way can we account for what was doubtless an unconscious plagiarism by an eminent sanitary authority, last year, of Franklin's "Economical project for Diminishing the cost of Light." The economy consisted simply in rising at six o'clock instead of nine or ten. Ideas such as Franklin's never become superannuated. Not every one who uses the expression, "to pay dear for one's whistle," knows that the dear whistle was a purchase made by Franklin, when seven years old, with a pocketful of pence. Franklin's store was too abundant for him to mind, though some of his fame went astray. "You know," he tells his daughter, "everything makes me recollect some story." But it was not recollection so much as fancy. His fancy clothed every idea in circumstances. When the illustration had served its turn, he was indifferent what became of it. Franklin did injustice to himself when he fancied he wanted any such mechanical aid. His English had been learned from the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Spectator." It had the force of Bunyan without his ruggedness. It had the serene light of Addison with tenfold his raciness and vigor. It sparkled with sarcasms as cutting as Voltaire's, but all sweetened with humanity. Many of his inventions or adaptions—such as "colonize"—have been stamped, long since, as current English. But he did not covet the fame of an inventor, whether in language, in morals, or in politics. In language, he was even declared a foe to innovation. Writing to Noah Webster, in 1789, he protests against the new verbs "notice," "advocate," and "progress." He had as little ambition to be classic as to be an innovator in English. He wrote because he had something at the moment to say, with a view to procuring that something should at the moment be done.—*Edinburgh Review.*

### What Has It Done for You?

The sceptical Mr. Bradlaugh was once lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close challenged discussion. Who should accept the challange but an old bent woman, in the most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said: "Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking up to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but"—"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again, the feeling of the meeting gave vent in uproarious applause, and Mr. Bradlaugh had to go away discomfitted by an old woman.—*The Lutheran.*

A writer advises that girls who wish to have small mouths should repeat at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried fourteen floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

### How they Meet and Part.

A gentleman lately took down verbatim the conversation of two fashionable ladies during a morning call—viz: "How do you do, dear?" "Pretty well, thank, you." (They kiss.) "How have you been this age?" "Pretty well. How have you been?" "Very well, thank you." "Pleasant to-day." "Yes, very bright, but had a shower yesterday." "All your family quite well?" "Quite well, thanks. How is yours?" "Oh, very well, thank you." "Have you seen Mary B. lately?" "No, but I have seen Susan C." "You don't say so! Is she quite well?" "Yes, very well, I believe." (Rising.) "Must you go?" "Yes, *indeed;* I have *seven* calls to make." "*Do* call again soon." "Thank you; but you don't come near me once in an age." "Oh, you shouldn't say so, dear; I'm sure I'm very good." "Good bye." "Good bye, dear."—*Exchange.*

"Gale Forest" gives the following pat reply to the above:

"Yes! and after writing that the gentleman discovered the strain upon his mental faculties had been so severe, he went out to "brace up." Just as he reached his destination, met a friend from out of town, when the following conversation was overheard and taken down by the writer, as an example for women, of men's "wit and wisdom." "Hello! old fellow, how are you?" (They shake.) "First rate, how are you?" "Tip-top!" "When dy'e get in?" "Just now." "Have something?" (significantly.) "Well—yes, don't care-fi do." (They step into a saloon, after cautiously looking around to make sure no outsiders are about, to see they are breaking their pledge—pause—they emerge, innocently wiping their mouths, before putting into them their lighted cigars, and being "primed," resume:) "How's yer folks?" "All well; how's yours?" "All flourishing now; youngest boy had diphtheria, but all right now." "Crops good up your way?" "Well, yes, pretty fair." "How do politics look?" "Bad—very bad—all democrats up our way; big democratic majority. (Takes out his watch.) Thunder! ten minutes to 12,—must be off—got to see a man at 12." "Can't you come up to the house and take dinner?" "No, guess not to-day—got several pressing business engagements. Good-bye." "Good-bye." They again wring hands, and then rush away from each other as if fearing they might have to stand another treat.

### A Possible Relic of De Soto.

The Tallahassee (Fla.) *Floridan* says: A few years ago, about two miles east of Tallahassee, was found a ponderous spur, of unique and curious workmanship, the like of which has not been seen in modern times. The burr was one and a half inches in diameter, and the bar proportionately heavy. On either side of the rowel dangled small pendant bells, that gave forth a tinkling sound in response to each step of the wearer—doubtless some steel-clad and bonneted warrior of the long ago. Not many days since, while parties were plowing near the identical spot, a solid and shapeless mass was turned up, which, upon close examination, proved to be an iron stirrup of ancient pattern, as heavy and as massive as the spur spoken of first, and firmly imbeded in a thick coating of clay and rust. When this was removed, the stirrup was found to be in a remarkable good state of preservation. The sides represent two Ethiopian figures standing upon the foot-rest, leaning forward facing each other, while they support with outstretched arms what forms the top of the stirrup, or that part connected with the leather. So unlike are both these relics to anything known to the generations of this day and time, and, both being found so near the same place, it is not unreasonable to ascribe them to the same era and individual. Nor is the supposition at all improbable that one of the knightly followers of De Soto, lured on through this then unknown region and wilderness, like that dauntless son of Spain, by a thirst for the yellow heaps of gleaming gold that loomed up ahead of them in vain visions and heated fancies, here fell a victim to the tomahawk and scalping knife of the wronged and revengeful red; and no doubt, some one of the "Tallahassee Tribe," of which "Tiger Tail" clamed to be a descendant, boasted, as he displayed at his belt a yet bloody scalp, that he had "killed a pale-face."

### It May Yet Be True.

When Jules Verne wrote his romance, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," he found it necessary to construct a cigar-shaped steamer that would travel under water while her crew could breathe with the same ease they could on land. If Mr. Verne had waited a few years he might, perhaps, have saved himself the trouble of inventing this submarine craft, as he might then have found it in actual operation. It is at present only proposed to apply a recent invention to a diver's helmet in the following manner: The apparatus, after having been fastened over the nose and mouth of the diver, when he wishes to breathe the air out of his lungs he does so in the ordinary way, and it goes down the tubes into the bottom of the front filter. It then filters through the caustic-charged sponge in front, and passing along an outlet at the top, is ducted over the diver's shoulder into the other case, through which it filters in the same way, and then, ascending into the helmet, mixes with the oxygen that has been let in from its store chamber, and is ready to be breathed again into the diver's lungs. Mr. Fleuss states that if he could only eat under the water, he could remain there for a whole day; as it is, he walked for a quarter of a mile under the sea at Ryde, and when at Brighton he went down during stormy weather into five fathoms of water This being the case, it is a simple matter to apply the principle to the air-tight submarine ship. The devices for sinking it or for raising it to the surface of the water would be easily arranged, so we may soon have our enterprising excursion managers offering a trip along the bottom of the river to Lake Erie—single tickets, 50 cents lady and gentleman's ticket, 75 cents.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GATE WITHOUT HINGES.—A subscriber in Pennsylvania sends a description of a gate which is without hinges. It turns upon a pin, of 1½-inch round iron, fixed in a block of wood or a stone, under the heel post, and a pin bent to a proper shape, fitted in the top of the heel post. This method of hanging a gate is cheap, simple, and more secure than to use hinges.

### New Cure for Whooping Cough.

This has been considered one of the few incurable diseases. Physicians usually say that it must take its course, viz: two weeks of incubation preceeding the spasms, four weeks of gradually increasing number and power of the paroxysms, and from six weeks to six months of restoration to health. Often this malady is followed by pneumonia, bronchitis, or extreme physical exhaustion, ending in lingering illness or death. When the paroxysms are very violent, patients frequently rupture blood vessels or the delicate membranes of the ear, eye or other organs. The disease is increasing in virulence. The number of deaths in New York city in one year has reached 489; in the city of London the appalling number of 6,000 annually. It has been known to some of the medical profession that persons suffering from whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, croup, and the other zymotic diseases, experienced quick relief, and sometimes rapid cure, by breathing the vapors arising from the open purifying boxes at gas works. This fact was discovered by a French physician in 1865, and published. Shortly after, the gas works of this country were visited, and now it is quite common to see several patients gathered about a purifying box inhaling the strong vapors.

The secret of the relief has been recently discovered. A Providence (R. I.) chemist procured the condensed hydro-carbon deposited in the bottom of the purifying box, and by analyzation ascertained it to be cresolene ($C_6H_5CH_3O_2$), a coal tar product somewhat akin to carbolic acid, but possessing far greater power in destroying the germs of contagious diseases. Vaporized in a closed room, the terrible paroxysms in pertussis (whooping cough) are checked immediately, and ordinarily in five nights the patient entirely recovers.

Persons suffering from chronic asthma and unable to recline at length, can assume a recumbent position and sleep peacefully all night. Bronchitis and croup are quickly relieved. Diphtheria and scarlet fever are not only often cured, but it is absolutely impossible for these dreaded diseases to be communicated to others.

The contagious germs deposited in bedding, carpets, clothing, wall paper, or floating in the air, are instantly destroyed by the powerful vapor of cresolene, which is conveyed in the air everywhere. A sick room—indeed the entire house—can be almost instantly perfumed with exact fragrance of cologne, Florida water, bay water, etc., the odor remaining for hours

These results are made possible through the use of a very ingenious but simple metal vaporizer, which consists of a stand six inches high, supporting a cup which contains a half ounce of liquid. Under this cup is a disk, against which the direct rays of heat given off by a toy kerosene night lamp strike, and pass thus modified to the bottom of the cup. This produces perfect volatilization.

You will, I trust, pardon the length of this communication, but the subject seemed to me to possess such general interest and promising to occupy a new and important field in the relief of suffering child humanity, that I thought it worthy a place in your widely circulated columns.—*Rangeley in Albany* (N. Y.) *Evening Journal.*

### The Youth of Our Land.

There really ought to be some law against the sale of dime novels to young boys. Instances occur almost daily where the minds of young boys have become so distorted by reading trash that they are ready to slaughter their fellow beings in large quantities. A boy who reads about some avenger of the prairie who chops and splits his cord and a half of Indians regular every day, or some pirate whose scuppers run off enough blood every minute to make a hundred dollars worth of blood sausage, gets into an abnormal condition of mind and is wholly unfit for the solid work and low wages of real, every day life

He begins to accumulate pistols, daggers, and other old junk, and longs to run a poniard into some false Spaniard, and twist it around, while he hisses through his set teeth some drivel that he has read in a novel. Such a boy will not hoe corn. Near Peru, in Illinois, the other day, a sheriff found a cave where a number of these boys whose minds had become inflated, had established a sort of pirate's glen. The pirates were not at home, being away probably on an expedition to capture a dark-eyed Spanish beauty, or a bantam or shanghi beauty, and the sheriff entered the place and took an account of stock. All around were the sinister looking weapons of death, and the treasures and spoils of war, and among them were twelve bottles of lemon beer. This in itself ought to teach boys that there is no such thing as realizing what novels tell about. There never was a novel yet that told about the duke pacing back and forth with a clouded brow, in the elegant drawing room of his castle, and then going to the sideboard and draining a flagon of lemon beer. Not any. The duke always drains a flagon of fine old Rhenish wine, seven hundred years old, before he sets out to mutilate a couple of townships of people. A boy ought to see by this that if he is going to try and follow the duke's example he will have to use old Rhenish wine instead of lemon beer. And where would be the fun in slaughtering those two townships of people with a skin full of lemon beer or pop? It would be insipid. And not only that, but ridiculous. Suppose the duke should draw his rapier to run a person through the body, and just as he was about to say, "Die, villain," the gas from the lemon beer should come up in his nose. He would feel like a fool. A boy who reads a novel, and becomes all wrought up and excited, never thinks of this. Neither does he think who it is that writes the novel. If he could see the author of the novel—who is some poor devil in a New York garret, who has starved himself half to death for money to buy whisky, and who changes his quarters every month to save rent—he would be ashamed to be seen reading such stuff. The poor broken down scribbler who writes about the brilliant diamonds of inestimable value that flashed upon the bosom of the countess, is probably wearing a sheet of writing paper for a shirt front.—*Peck's Sun.*

"When worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at first, but if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty."

### The Art of Advertising.

The time has come when a knowledge of this art is an essential part of the education of every business man. To be successful in business they should understand how to advertise. It is only necessary, in order to illustrate the truth of this statement, to call attention to the most successful merchants and manufacturers of any large city, or small village, in the United States. They know just what to say to the public, when to say it, how to say it, and the medium to employ in saying it. They have made the same careful study of this as of any other branch of their business. They don't insert a single beggarly little "ad" in an obscure corner of some paper, out of favor to the publisher, to support a party organ, and then endeavor to make the proprietor of the paper sensible of the value of their patronage, by growling when asked to pay for the advertisement, and vowing that it never did them any good, but was just put in out of charity. They are not content with an old stale advertisement that repeats the same old story at all seasons of the year, offering the same bargains, and the same full supply of goods "just received" at all times of the year—when their stocks have run so low that they are scarcely able to fill the orders of a single customer, as when their houses are filled with the most seasonable and attractive commodities. They never allow the public to remain in ignorance of the fact that they have a good thing to sell. They know how to make their constant appeals in a manner that will prove attractive. They are always devising new and striking methods for presenting their wares to the public notice, by the use of printer's ink. They are always careful to advertise what they have—not what they had last winter, nor what some one else has now. They advertise honestly as well as liberally, and their customers learn to believe the promises publicly made through the newspapers. Their advertisements are studied with interest by every one who expects to become a purchaser. It is as important that a man about to engage in mercantile pursuits should know how to advertise, as to know how to buy judiciously, or to sell at a living profit.

### Where Did Potatoes Come From?

Nobody knows precisely where the potato came from originally. It has been found, apparently indigenous, in many parts of the world. Mr. Darwin, for instance, found it wild in the Chonos Archipelago. Sir W. J. Hooker says that it is common at Valparaiso, where it grows abundantly in the sandy hills near the sea. In Peru and other parts of South America it appears to be at home; and it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Darwin should have noted it both in the humid forests of the Chonos Archipelago and among the Central Chilian mountains, where sometimes rain does not fall for six months at a stretch. It was to the colonists whom Sir Walter Raleigh sent out in Elizabeth's reign that we are indebted for our potatoes.

Herriot, who went out with these colonists, and who wrote an account of his travels, makes what may, perhaps, be regarded as the earliest mention of this vegetable. Under the heading of "Roots" he mentions what he calls the "openawk." "These roots," he says, "are round, some large as a walnut, others much larger. They grow on damp soils, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes. They are good food, either boiled or roasted."

At the beginning of the seventeenth century this root was planted, as a curious exotic, in the garden of the nobility, but it was long ere it came into general use. Many held them to be poisonous, and it would seem not altogether unreasonably so either. The potato is closely related to the deadly-nightshade and the mandrake, and from its stems and leaves may be extracted a very powerful narcotic. In England prejudice against it was for a long time very strong, especially among the poor.

### Does Farming Pay?

An impression somewhat general seems to prevail that farming is not as profitable as other vocations; that more money can be earned in almost any other vocation with less labor; hence the farmer's son abandons the farm, where he is a success, for the uncertain gains of town.

This impression, it seems to me, is very far from the truth. Take the farmers in every state in the West; most of them commenced life poor; if they have strictly adhered to legitimate farming and avoided speculation, in most cases they are well situated, and are far more comfortable than an equal number of associates who chose the town. Facts sustain us in the assertion that out of one hundred young men who leave the country for the town or city, not more than one becomes wealthy; perhaps one-tenth obtained a competency, and nine-tenths barely make a living. Out of one hundred young men who remain on the farm, possibly not one becomes wealthy, but more than fifty per cent. have substantial possessions and good houses, while most of the remainder make a good living and rear respectable families. The point to be impressed is that average young men are far more likely to succeed on the farm than in the town, although they may not actually make more money. One thing that has allured many from the farm is society, and schools may be added. In these particulars a marked difference can be observed within a few years to the credit of the country. Farm houses and surroundings are more beautiful; the sons are men of culture and the daughters are accomplished in the elegant as well as the useful. Society in the country is no longer rude; if it lacks some of the grace of the city, this is more than compensated by solid acquirements and an honest welcome, characteristic of a high bred people. The turning point has undoubtedly been passed, and the future great men of this nation will be farmers.—[Knapp.

Give hens constant access to lime in some form. Hens must have the raw material in order to manufacture shells; they cannot make them out of nothitg.

Guinea fowls will keep all bugs and insects of every discription off garden vines. They will not scratch like other fowls, or harm the most delicate plant.

### OUR NEW PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

BY ARGUS.

When it was rumored that the high-toned colored folks who belonged to Union Bethel Church were about to shake ff Methodism and put on Congregationalism, there were many persons in our city who really felt overjoyed. They proclaimed with a loud voice, accompanied with the clapping of hands, that a new era in religious observerances had dawned upon the once benighted. Methodist malcontents, which was calculated to make a ripple in religious circles, which would be felt on all sides. The little band of "rebels" threw of the yoke, and proceeded to "cuff" for themselves. They are an intelligent, vigorous, determined and godly set and they soon found a house in which to conduct services. They insisted upon the removal of all those traces of Methodism which were odious and adopted a new form of worship. Congregationalism being democratic in its character and but a hopskip and a jump from Methodism, they concluded to resolve themselves into a Congregational body. They secured a minister who was rather of the old line of Methodism, hoping that he might study the methods of worship in the Congregational Church and be able, in a short time, to fill the bill of fare from opening prayer to benediction. It seems however that the dear brother still hugs the shores of Methodism too closely. The old Methodist system of shouting and prancing is encouraged and the old-time "walk-around-with-bible-in-hand way of preaching indulged in and encouraged. Now I would suggest, in meek humility, that if we are to have a Congregational Church it should be modelled after the most approved methods of worship. Indeed, I would suggest intelligent worship. This old time ceremony with its heathenish howling and bawling and knocking down benches does not become Congregationalists. The Congregationlists are reputed to be the broadest thinker, whose practices are civilized and ennobling in their character. The colored people should not be the ones to introduce savage practices into the system. Our new converts must learn to imitate. Originality is all very good in its way, but imitation may be better under some conditions. For instance Congregational ministers do all the praying; they give out all the hymns which are intended for congregational singing; they take up collection before preaching and never call on the brothers and sisters to "come up and give something to the Lord" but hand around envelopes for contributions to be taken up at stated times. This is far preferable to the present custom of having promiscuous praying; of discordant music and incongruous and tumultuous mouthings of this constant and disgusting begging! begging! begging! It is to be regretted that the noble and promising band who have done so well in all other matters have not succeeded in dispensing with the ridiculous fogyisms and taking up the advanced methods of Christian worship and I hope that a few months may find the little band either under the guidance of a modern preacher or the same ancient one divested of crude and semi barbaric notions and remodelled after the pattern of our modern intelligent and progressive ministers.

During a political campaign in Michigan a well known lawyer was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers in Gratiot county. In order to win their confidence, he said: "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and so was my grandfather before him. I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn." Here the speaker was rudely interrupted by some one in the audience, who exclaimed: "A pumpkin, by jingo!"

### *THE RACE PROBLEM.*

Prof. C. A. Gardiner of Hamilton read a carefully prepared paper on the above named topic at the Social Science Association at Saratoga last week.

He said "During the past three thousand years human progress has been identical with the development of the Caucasian race, and especially with the growth of its Indo-European branch. In this republic the problem of races has assumed an importance never before known in human history; nor is the conflict of races in our midst a new one. The Emancipation Proclamation; the Fifteenth Amendment, the nine hundred broken Indian tribes, the Chinese bill of '82—these and other land marks show that race problems have ever been an important factor in American politics.

After discussing the Indian problem the solution for which he proposed citizenship, he took up the Negro question as follows: "The result of his emancipation is not satisfactory. His future is not secured. The historian, Freeman calls our Negro problem the most difficult that has confronted any nation. Amalgamation is advocated by many able writers, but no scheme more disgusting or impracticable can be imagined. The solutions generally offered are a amalgamation or colonization. Amalgamation is impossible; colonization in Central America or elsewhere chimerical. The Negro is a citizen and he will never voluntarily agree to expatriate himself. The following alternatives were suggested in the solution: (1) Either the whites must migrate from the South, (2) Must amalgamate with the blacks, or (3) Must remain an inferior element and submit to Negro supremacy and rule. These points were fully discussed and it was suggested that the more enterprising whites would move to the exterior cities or to the North; the power and lower grade of whites would be absorbed and one hundred years from to-day would see Negro supremacy established in seven states. Whether the general government would then retain this part of the country is a matter of conjecture. All our traditions would be against such retention. Measures looking to alleviating present evils may take two forms; laws against miscegenation, which all history proves would be futile; and aid for the education of the blacks. National aid to education is both politic and necessary.

### Visiting—Hired Girls.

Once on a time I went to spend the afternoon with a neighbor friend, and my visit turned out nothing but apologies, with now and then something said between. She said she had put off baking on account of some sewing she wanted to finish, and thought she would bake in the afternoon. She had to chase the hens and search the barn to get some eggs to bake a cake, as the day before she had sent all she had to market. And then all her wood was outdoors in the rain and snow, and was slow to burn; consequently the cake got sad before it was baked. Her knives and forks she had laid aside in the morning; they then had to be scoured, and then as soon as it got a little dusk she thought of her lamp, which had to take its share, etc. But, farmer sisters, here let me say that if ever I am found in such a fix, I will make the best of it, and let visitors eat the same as I do, and try to visit one-half the time any way. I think the better way is to do all necessary work in the morning, and let sewing go until afternoon, as nine-tenths of the visiting people would rather have their chat and partake of a cup of good, hot coffee, and plain bread and butter, than to have nick-nacks.

I always have thought that housewives needed help just as much as the men, and think so yet. Let a man get in a hurry and his first thought is, hire a man to help him out, and it is all right. And how many are the times that his worked-down wife is hurried and worried and no help ever thought of for her; and if she should speak of hiring a girl at two dollars, or one and a half a week, the man will say, "This girl business counts up like Sam Hill." All this time he keeps his man week in and week out, costing him from five to six dollars a week, and only works from sun to sun, while a girl works from sun until ten at night.—*Gemima Bedot.*

The size attained by icebergs is sometimes prodigious. From measurements made upon one, Dr. Hayes estimated it to contain about 27,000,000,000 feet, while its weight must have been not less than 1,000,000 tons. It was grounded in water nearly half a mile in depth. What, then, must have been the thickness of the glacier from which this mass had become detached?

They were twins. The parents christened one of them Kate and the other Duplicate

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## THE CONVENTION.

Monday the National Convention assembles at Louisville. It has been criticised more sharply than any similar body previously held; criticised as to the motives of those who called it, criticised as their right to do so, and its necessity or power for good called in question. Whites as well as blacks, democrats as well as republicans have participated in this discussion. It has been assailed as an attempt to pledge the political power of the colored people to the republican party and especially to the administration. It has equally been feared that it will voice the growing discontent and dissatisfaction which has been manifested in different section of the country by colored politicians and, therefore, have a tendency to aid the Democracy. While great differences exist as to the propriety, necessity or opportunity of this Convention, there are but few who deny the good it may do in promoting a healthy public sentiment or in otherwise advancing the material interests of the race by encouraging education, promoting mechanical skill, and wealth. If the Convention can act wisely on these matters it will give the lie to those who have sought every opportunity to oppose it, and give greater claim to confidence and leadership to those who conceived the idea and engineered it to success.

The Convention must disappoint its critics and encourage its friends. It must show the country that we have made progress in ability to conduct deliberate bodies since the Civil Rights Convention of 1873 or the last gathering at Nashville in 1879. It must demonstrate that great, popular and influential as are Douglass, Langston, Bruce and Greener and as acceptable as are their services in the struggle we are making for self-elevation, there are scores of new and younger men, fresh from the people equally as patriotic, equally as energetic, equally as capable of shaping successfully a policy that will guide the race aright on the living issues of the day should the former fail by their presence or influence to lend their efforts.

We appeal, therefore, to every individual delegate to act as though upon himself depended the weal or woe of six and a half millions of people, and for the Convention itself as a body to effect an organization as speedily as possible; to deal directly, promptly and in a straight forward manner with all matters which properly concern it delegating to judicious committees the shaping of whatever is incongruous or likely to provoke endless or profitless discussion and wrangling. Let it deal with those issues that are paramount, with those which concern the race, not with partisan politics, not with individual claims of preferment, not with supposed rival pretensions to leadership. These will prove rocks against which it may be dashed in pieces. Let it, therefore, keep in safe waters, with the compass the chart and the quadrant accessible and the National Convention of 1883 will be made a *national success.*

## AN INNOVATION.

A few months ago Rogers & Peet, prominent clothiers of New York City, took in their employ as salesman a colored gentleman, Mr. Fred. P. Hayes. The event did not ruin them with their general customers or their employes. In fact, we have just reason to believe that on the contrary their general business increased with the general public because of this additional evidence of enterprise, and especially with the colored people who could see in this action a practical recognition of their claims in advance of those of other rival business establishments.

This is no speculation, for we note that the London and Liverpool Clothing Co., whose establishments are 461 to 467 Broadway, Corner of Grand St., have "in deference to the claims of the race, among whom this firm already has many patrons and as a means of further developing the trade in that direction," appointed Mr. John W. A. Shaw as a salesman in their establishment.

The example of those firms needs to be commended in a most practical way, and we are sure that the colored people in the National Metropolis will give their patronage largely to Rogers & Peet or the London & Liverpool Clothing establishment. In this way other firms in other business calling will feel called on to make a similar innovation and thus give practical assurance that color is, henceforth to be no universal bar to employment or preferment in callings not menial. If the colored trade in New York City with its 20,000 colored population out of an aggregate of one million, is worth soliciting, how much more is that of the 60,000 colored people of this city who form one-third of the entire population—not only by white merchants liberally advertising in the colored papers of the District, but by the employment of colored salesmen and women and messengers.

There are several houses here which realize more from their colored trade in one month than any similar house in the city of New York, does from a similar source in four if not six months, and in which three or four salesmen would not be out of proportion to the patronage of their class.

Why is it that our merchants have been lacking in enterprise to follow in the steps of their New York brethren? Is it because they place a low estimate on the increase from the recognition of their colored patrons? Is it because they believe, since they already have a monopoly of this trade, no further effort on their part to retain it is necessary? Is it that they are entirely indifferent to the commendable progress of the colored people in education, in morals, in material development? Is it that they lack the moral courage to introduce a new feature that would bind them more strongly to the support of this class and aid them in making their way in a direction towards which their course has as yet been slow.

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We trust Senator Lapham is prophetic. On taking the chair at the New York Convention said:—"Politically, last year was over Bull Run, but if we are faithful this year will prove our Gettysburg and Appomattox.

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The Louisville Convention, not only has been the best advertised but its proceedings will be the more widely circulated. The leaping political newspapers will have correspondents at hand and as far as the colored press is concerned, the Adams brothers, proprietors of the *Bulletin* of that city have arranged to send out stenographic proceedings at nominal costs, to newspaper publishers.

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Notwithstanding his statement last year the speech of the president of the Massachusetis Republican Convention has forced the renomination of Butler by the Democrats. The canvass there will be one of unusual vigor and bitterness. If Butler succeeds this year he will be ahead for the presidential nomination next year. How will this ticket look for President Benjamin F. Butler of Mass., for Vice President L. O. C. Lamar of Miss.

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James W. Long, appointed Postmaster of Norfolk, Va., in place of Mr. Rue, resigned is a good republican. He proved himself last fall as Secretary of the Coalition Campaign Committee for the District of Columbia to be a tireless worker, and from his record as a revenue officer we are certain he will make an efficient Postmaster.

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We believe most heartily on Mr. Lee Nance's right to entertain just what views he chooses on the tariff question and to express them without hindrance or social ostracism. While we believe in a protective tariff as a just policy we are down on the grasping power of monopolies and their influence on legislation, state and national.

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**The town of Dulcigno lies on the Turkish side of the Adriatic sea, at a point opposite Rome and Naples, midway between each. It is called in that quarter of the earth Dool-cheen-yo. About 8,000 people live there, and are the effete descendants of the most formidable band of pirates that ever existed. It is a very old town. One hundred and sixty-seven years before Christ the city surrendered to the Romans, and received exemption from taxation, and its freedom. From 1500 to 1600 the pirates held full sway, and in 1718 a great battle was lost there by the Venetians.**

## Some Practical Suggestions For Our Schools.

We have heard a great deal lately about the incompetency of the teachers of our schools, and in some cases the criticisms passed are unjust, because they are based, principally, upon the results of the recent examinations in the schools. One reason why the results were low is the change made in the term, making one year consist of one, instead of two, terms, which change was a little awkward, both to teachers and pupils. Another reason and the principal one, is, we have some teachers who are in the wrong places. They are beyond their depth, and, of course, must simply flounder about or sink. Once in a great while some one sinks, the majority being left to flounder.

It seems to be the prevailing idea that appreciation for a teacher's efforts should be shown by promotion. There are many things to be considered prior to promotion. Sometimes a very good primary teacher is spoiled by being put in a grammar school, and, instead of getting "ever to perfection nigher," as she would have done in the primary school, she steadily goes backward.

Some (very few) teachers, knowing just how far their qualifications will permit them to advance, positively refuse higher schools, others "rush in where angels fear to tread," and the result is generally disastrous. The greatest care should be exercised in placing teachers where they will accomplish the most; for, if misplaced, the error does not stop with the loss of the teacher's reputation as a teacher, but there are fifty or sixty pupils who are more or less affected by the incompetency of their instructor. Back of the pupils are their parents, who are by a large majority poor—very poor. They spend their hard-earned wages on their children's education, thinking that when the course is completed, then will be given some return for the sacrifices they have made.

For the average child to *complete* the course of study in the public schools, the teacher should be well-informed, not only in text books, bnt in affairs generally, so that the pupils will be taught to notice what occurs in the world, and will be trained so as to develop intelligence as well as intellect.

Some one has suggested a general examination of teachers, I would add to that suggestion, examine them often Let the certificate granted be for one year or two years, according to the percentage attained, and when the time is out, re-examine them. This practice will make our teachers wide-awake and studious, and will gradually push out the dead, and resucitate the dying material, of which we have so much, clogging the wheels of our school machinery.

Something ought to be done to bring about a change of sentiment relative to the ability of our teachers. As it is now, many pupils enter school, and think of nothing but testing the ability of their instructors. They really examine their teachers, and woe be unto her if she fails to pass, for children require perfection, according to their understanding, in their teachers, and, failure in all, to them. It is a fearful thing, and shows plainly that something is wrong, when children fearlessly, publicly, and unhesitatingly, accuse their teachers of wholesale ignorance, and it reflects on the community at large, both for allowing affairs to reach such a state, and for allowing that state to continue.

Last year proved conclusively that either one or two more supervising principals should be appointed, or a male principal, with a competent assistant in the highest room (a teacher receiving the pay accorded to the grade of the room,) should be appointed to take charge of each building.

The Eighth Division has seventy-three schools, and the Seventh Division has sixty-eight—I think too many schools for any person to supervise properly.

I hope our trustees will give these matters the proper consideration, and they will receive the thanks and approbation of the parents and pupils of Washington. More anon.

"RAMA."

### Off for Louisville.

Hon. F. Douglass, Rev. R. S. Laws, Prof J. M. Gregory, Messers H. E. Cuney, W. C. Chase, M. M. Holland, Geo. W. Arnold, R. B. Ruffin and Perry Carson.

Miss Ettie Vinton Davis was also with the yarty.

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Postage Stamps.—There are about six thousand different descriptions of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin Post Office alone contains between four and five thousand specimens, of which half are from Europe, and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia. What country carries off the palm for absurdity and grotesqueness of artistic design and inferiority of execution, we are not told, but if the collection is faithfully representative the variety of ugliness must be considerable. Some of the stamps, it appears, bear coats of arms, and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth—stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins and other "fearful wildfowl." There are, moreover, the effigies of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens, one grand duke, several inferior titled rulers, and many presidents. In so many countries and nationalities some really attractive specimens must have been elaborated.


### Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells" Health Renewer." $1.


## Cephrenes, the Second Pyramid.

Of the many wondrous discoveries made by the Belzoni, perhaps none was more noteworthy than that of the entrance to Cephrenes, the second of the mighty pyramids of Ghizn—those huge structures which for countless ages have bid defiance to time; vast, solitary and grand. Seated during his travels at the foot of this second pyramid, Belzoni mused as to the probability of there being an entrance to its interior, arguing that it was highly improbable that such a magnificent structure should have been reared without containing chambers and a means of entrance thereto. He knew that the first pyramid had been explored, but every historical account, from those of Herodotus downward, joined in declaring the second pyramid, at whose foot he mused, to be one huge monumental blank. But Belzoni was of too inquiring a mind to be satisfied, and, carefully examining the exterior, he at length came to the conclusion that there must be a way to the interior, and set himself boldly to the discovery. The first step to be taken was to obtain permission from the Bey, and that accorded he collected sixty workmen, and set them to break with their hatchets through a heap of debris joined together by the pulverized mortar that had fallen from far up the side of the pyramid, and then been moistened by the heavy night dews.

A long period of toil then followed, ending in the discovery of a cavity in the side, but no means of entrance. Disappointed but not daunted, Belzoni again surveyed the vast building, and determined to try in another spot, where, after the labor of many days, first one and then another block of granite was uncovered, and at last the entrance to the pyramid reached—a low passage choked up with fallen stones, which required arduous toil to draw them out. But in spite of the opposition and idleness of his Arab laborers, Belzoni persevered, till a passage large enough to admit one of the men was cleared, and soon after, armed with a torch, the traveler stepped in, and began to look for the reward of his thirty days of incessant labor.

His light burned dimly in the gloomy echoing passage leading to the vast solitudes that had not been invaded for perhaps two thousand years, and it was with strange feeling of awe that this enterprising man passed on, breathing the dust of a vast antiquity, and with lifted torch trying to pierce the gloom. Passage after passage he explored through the huge rock-built structure; peering anxiously forward lest he should be plunged unawares into some deep pit yawning to engulf him; but he passed on in safety until he reached a door, evidently leading into some great chamber, and then, stepping boldly forward, he stood in the centre of the huge building, trying to pierce the darkness around, and gazing wonderfully at this mausoleum of an antiquity so great that human history gives but a poor clue to its age. His steps echoed upon the stony floor, and seemed to die away in strange whisperings from the sides of the great tomb as he eagerly explored it, now with lowered torch, now with it elevated towards the roof, and listened again and again to some sound, to break the death-like stillness of the place.

The contents proved to be a large sarcophagus of granite; but far from satisfied with this result of his research, Belzoni sought on, and explored passage after passage, and echoing gloomy chambers, evidently formed to be the last resting-places of the kings of some ancient dynasty; but the grandeur of this solemn temple of the dead seemed to lie in its vast solidity and massiveness of construction, qualities which have been the admiration of travelers of every country. Oppressed at length by the strange stifling air of the place, Belzoni returned to the light of day once more, but only to recruit himself, and then, better provided with lights, to return through the long passages, and explore once more the many chambers, which brought to his mind visions of the past grandeur of Egypt, and the scenes that had been enacted upon earth when the pyramid was first declared by its architect complete.

## Japanese Life.

The Japanese is the cleanest of mankind. Cleanliness is, so to speak, more than godliness with him. Though he has no soap, he washes all over at least once a day—he worships but once a week. His candles are made of vegetable wax. He uses a cotton coverlet, well stuffed and padded, for bed covering and mattress. A sort of stereoscope case—made of wood—makes his pillow. He resorts to that, and so does his wife and daughters, that their carefully arranged hair may not be disturbed during sleep. No head-covering is used by the Japanese. No nation dresses the hair so tastefully. Usually it is with the men shaved in sections. They are coming now to wear it in European fashion. They are adopting all European customs.

On levee day I saw the reception at the Mikado's palace in Yeddo. Every one presented had to come in full dress. That dress does not become the Japanese figure. He looks awkward in it. His legs are too short. The tails of his claw-hammer coat drag on the ground, and the black dress trousers wrinkle up and get baggy around their feet. His European-fashioned clothes have been sent out ready-made from America or England, and in no case did I notice anything approaching to a good fit. Yet he smiled and looked very happy, though he could not get his heels half way down his Wellington boots, and his hat was either too large or too small for his head. He always smiles and looks pleasant. Nothing can make him grumble, and he has not learned to swear. He is satisfied to be paid his due, and never asks for more. As a New York cabman he would be a veritable living curiosity.

## Poison Ivy.

The poison ivy is very poisonous to some persons; they are poisoned by not touching it at all, or even, it is said, passing near it, while others may handle it without being afflicted by the contact in the least. The poisonous property of the plant is owing to a volatile acid; its effect is an acute inflammation of the skin, often accompanied by a great swelling. The effects remain sometimes for months before the poison is completely removed from the system. The usual remedies are cooling purgatives and an external application of lead water. An application of a solution of hops has been known to prove an effectual remedy when all other remedies failed. The plant has sometimes been mistaken for Virginia creeper, to which it bears no slight resemblance. The distinguishing feature is that the poison ivy has three leaflets, whereas the Virginia creeper's leaves have five leaflets. Persons have been poisoned by mistaking the poisonous for the harmless species. This plant is of the genus *rhus* or sumac. There is also an upright plant that is poisonous.

## A Short History of Wheat.

The varieties of wheat are almost numberless, and their characters vary widely under the influence of cultivation and climate. There are said to be 180 distinct varieties in the museum of Cornell university. On the slopes of the mountains of Mexico and Xalpa the luxuriance of vegetation is such that wheat does not form ears. In Japan, it is said, the wheat has been so developed by the Japanese farmers that no matter how much manure is used the straw will not grow larger, though the length of the ears increases. The height is rarely more than two feet, and often not more than 20 inches. Through selection winter wheat has been changed to summer wheat in three years, and summer wheat converted in the same time to winter wheat. In general, wheat is the most esteemed of the cereal productions, but in Abyssinia, according to Parkyns, the flour of the "teff" or "dogussa," scarcely palatable to Europeans, is preferred by the natives to any other grain.

Isis was supposed to have introduced wheat into Egypt, Demeter into Greece, and the Emperor Chin-Wong into China, about 3000 B. C. In Europe it was cultivated before the period of his history, as samples have been recovered from the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland. In England it was probably not cultivated by the ancient Britons, but the Anglo-Saxons when Bede wrote, early in the 8th century, sowed their wheat in the spring, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth its cultivation was but partial. Indeed, wheat was an article of comparitive luxury till nearly the 17th century. In India wheat seems not to be native, but introduced, for its Sanscrit name signifies "food of the barbarian;" yet three varieties are mentioned in the Bhavaprakasa, one of which, a large-grained, is said to have come from the West, and another, a small-grained, or beardless wheat, is said to have been indigenous to Middle India.

The first wheat raised in the "New World" was sown by Spaniards on the island of Isabella, in January, 1494, and on March 30th the ears were gathered. The foundation of the wheat harvest of Mexico is said to have been three or four grains carefully cultivated in 1530, and preserved by a slave of Cortez The first crop of Quito was raised by a Franciscan monk in front of the convent. Garcilasso de la Vega affirms that in Peru, up to 1547, wheaten-bread had not been sold at Cusco. Wheat was first sown by Gosnold on Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth islands in Buzzard's Bay, off Massachusetts, in 1602, when he first explored the coast In 1604, on the island of St. Croix near Calais, Me., the Sieur de Monts had some wheat sown, which flourished finely. In 1611 the first wheat appears to have been sown in Virginia. In 1626 samples of wheat grown in the Dutch colony at New Netuerlands were shown in Holland. It is probable that wheat was sown in the Plymouth colony prior to 1629, though we find no record of it, and in 1629 wheat was ordered from England to be used as seed. In 1718 wheat was introduced into the Valley of the Mississippi by the "Western Company." In 1799 it was among the cultivated crops of the Pimos Indians of the Gila River, New Mexico.—*Millers' National Magazine.*

## Canning Fruit.

In canning fruit it is wise to use a good deal of sugar. Plain canned fruit is apt to turn, and does not retain its flavor as when made a little rich. If our housekeepers would take as much pains in making preserves as the French do, they would find themselves amply rewarded when, in the winter, they turn out the beautiful clear fruit, always in perfect shape. To preserve fruit in the French method it is necessary to make a clear syrup first, which can be done by melting two pounds of the best sugar with a pint of water, using a white porcelain kettle; add the slightly beaten white of one egg before the syrup becomes hot; let it boil, and skim it until the scum ceases to appear. Then put in carefully selected fruit, a few at a time, watching carefully that they do not break, and removing one at a time as soon as they become soft. When these are put in glass jars and the syrup poured over them, the result will make glad the most stoical cook.

## Cost of Bringing up a Boy.

A clergyman who has been discoursing about boys has devoted considerable attention to the cost of these somewhat necessary individuals, and he estimates the expense of bringing a good boy, with all the advantages of city life, to the age of fifteen, at about $5,000. These figures are about doubled by the time the boy is of age, if he goes through college. A bad boy, arrived at the age mentioned, costs fully as much, even if he has not been to college, and the computation, as the reverend gentlemen suggests, does not include the value of the mother's tears and father's gray hairs. Most men who have brought up boys will agree that the estimate is not too high.

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Swiss Mountain Girls.—In these beautiful health-giving mountains one would expect to find the most beautiful and healthy-looking of all girls. Where only pure air is to be breathed, inspiring scenes to be witnessed, women should be as fair as daughters of the gods. But not so. The women in Switzerland have a prematurely worn and aged look; if at twenty they were robust and possessed of that attraction which good health bestows—at thirty they are faded and seem to take pleasure only in going through their dull and never-ending round of duty. For they do the greater share of the work in the field and in the house, and in addition rear large families. In fact they make up in usefulness what they lack in beauty.

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A copy of the oldest newspaper, of which anything is known was recently found in the library of the University of Heidelberg. John Carolus, of Strasburg, is thought to have printed this copy, which is in the form of a quarto volume and bears the date of 1000. Much of the contents is extremely interesting, and consists principally of letters written by correspondents. These letters, when coming from Rome, were twenty-one days on the route; from Venice, fourteen to seventeen days, and from Vienna, about eight days. When there was not sufficient matter to fill out the sheets, blank spaces were left. One of the incidents mentioned was the manufacture of a telescope, by Galileo. Some of the news was of a very bloody character, and pictures a lawless state of society, one item relating to the confession of seven criminals who acknowledged that "on the 18 of this month they threw about fourteen persons into the water, and that their band numbered eighty, who for the most part were natives of Prague."

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A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* says that he has found by experience that six Cotswold sheep will not consume more food than a cow, and are more profitable. For a lamb of this breed, weighing 125 pounds, $5.50 is obtained. He estimates that six ewes will produce eight lambs per annum and fifty pounds of wool.

## Discoveries Made by Accident.

Valuable discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accident.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

Mezzotint owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watch-maker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly-enlarged appearance of a neighboring church-spire.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made was discovered by a Soloping printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a soft piece of glue which had fallen out of a glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremburg glass-cutter. By accident, a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was him enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed sending away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his show-window with piles of writing paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use; and to finish his pyramid off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point. Taking these cards for diminutive notepaper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern. As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose. The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationary trade.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidently let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter. After steeping the damaged paper for four years, Mr. East sent it to his agent at London, with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "proposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over the market price. Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply it.

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"Men invite the devil in at every angle and then prate about the garden of Eden and the fall of man."

"A patient and humble temper gathers blessings that are marred by the peevish and overlooked by the aspiring."

"Excess in apparel is another costly folly. The very trimming of the vast world would clothe all the naked ones."

A man has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage.—[Addison.

Some men dare much, but it is because they are in their place. As long as I am in my place I am safe. The best lightning rod for your own protection is your own backbone.—[Emerson.

"Obey the spur of the moment. These accumulated it is that makes the impulse and impetus of the life of genius. These are the spongioles and rootlets by which the trunk is fed. If you neglect the moment—if you cut off your fibrous roots—what but a languishing life is to be expected."

The philosopher should be a man willing to hear every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances, have no favorite hypothesis, be of no school, and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respector of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities he adds industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature.—[Faraday.

Logical deduction: She was a Boston lady of culture. She stood watching a canal boat loaded with ice, as it was being locked into the canal from Lake Champlain. "What is that boat loaded with?" "Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat."

## The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. R. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

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Business and special notices are 5 cents a line
Advertisements see rates.

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A. H. Brooks, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
E. G. Blackmorn, next door to Post Office.

☞ Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

☞ When ever any of our Subscribers do not receive their paper promptly please promptly notify us in all cases, by postal card.


## LOCAL.

—Rev. Henry Jackson for thirty years associated with the religions work in Augusta, Ga., has made this city his permanent residence.

—Jas. H. Smith of Tenallytown, D. C., who died several weeks ago is the father-in-law of Mr. Irving Williams of Cenver, Col.

—Miss Lulu Russell of Savannah, Ga., is sojourning in our city a few days, and stopping at the Philadelphia House.

—D. W. Atwood left this week for Ohio to recuperate. Mr. A., will be a "looker on" at Louisville next week.

—Messrs. Frank & John Hyman and H. E. Baker left last Saturday for an extended trip West. They will attend the Louisville Convention.

—E. A. Randolph of the Richmond bar after passing a few days in our city, the guest of his friend Saml. Jackson, has returned to the former city.

—E. J. Waring left last week for Columbus, Ohio, which he will make his headquarters until after the Ohio election.

—Robt. J. Smith, Miss Amelia Tilghman and her sister Miss Jerusha have returned to the city from Saratago. Miss Tilghman is steadily improving. Mr. Smith spoke at Bethel Hall Sunday night and gave an account of his labors during the past summer culminating with the sad mishap of Miss Tilghman.

—There are a few names in Sardis &c.

—Mt. Pisgah, Rev. A. W. Upshaw pastor had its grand rally last Sunday, and more than $170,00 was the financial result.

—Miss Rachel Syphax recently of Williamsbury, Va., daughter of Douglass Syphax of this city, has entered the Normal Department of Howard University.

—At the re-organization of the Banneker Circle C. L. S. C., for the ensuing year, the following officers were elected: Miss Rosetta E. Coakley, President; J. W. Cromwell, Vice Pres.; Miss Julia W. Mason, Sect.; Miss Anna Ross, Treasurer; Rev W. H. Brooks, Chaplain.

—H. L. Wayland who has been spending the summer at Saratoga, left last week for Hampton, Norfolk, Portsmouth and Petersburg where he purposes to speak on Virginia's "Better Days." Mr. Wayland is a most forcible speaker and we commend him to the people of those localities,—besides, he is a Virginian.

—The *Staunton Telegram* speaks in very flattering terms of the recent lecture there on Co-operation by Prof. Jas. Storum, also of the reading of Miss Annie Mason, the essay by R. T. Moss on Race Pride and R. L. Mitchell on the future of the Negro in Virginia. Space forbides further notice.

—At a meeting held in Edenton, N. C., on the first of the present month after an address by Mr. E. F. Martin, General Supt. of the Wilmington Wrightsville and Onslow Rail Road, thirty-one shares of stock aggregating $875 were subscribed for by thirtyone present.

### West Washington News.

There will be a fashionable marriage celebrated soon by one of the fair belles of W. P street near 28th and one of the favorite editors of this city. We all wish them much success in life.

Miss Mary Simms has left the city to take charge of a school at West River, Md.

Miss Ella Nash leaves soon to take charge of a school above Rockville, Md.

Mr. Andrew Furguson has left for Oberlin College.

Mr. Clement H. Morgan left Monday for Harvard College.

Mrs. Joseph Beckett has arrived home this week from Philadelphia, where she has been spending the summer.

Mr. L. L. Butler, A. W. Jenkins and C. B. Williams have returned from the springs and are looking excellent.

Mrs. A. Beckett has just returned from Martinsburg, W. Va. where she has been spending a portion of the season, and arranging to send her daughter (Hattie) to school, she will leave in a few day's.

Mr. R. D. Ruffin left to-day for the Louisville Convention, to which he is an alternate delegate.

Zion Mission A. M. E. Church of which John L. Davis is pastor is making a rapid progress in raising funds to erect a new edifice on the beautiful site where they now worship. They have a fine Sunday School and a large increased membership.

Presiding Elder Benj. Brown preached an able sermon at Mt. Zion M. E. Church Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr. Brown of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church continued his series of sermons to the young people Sunday evening, which cause a great interest to be centered there.

Rev. Mr. Jacob preached at Bethesda Sunday after a fine Sunday School morning.

The Laboring Men's Protective Union gave a fine picnic at Van Ness Park on on Monday last. Mr. Edward Shelton and other officers deserve much credit for the able manner they have conducted that Union.

The West End picnic, given for the benefit of the Emancipation Celebration which Mr Bowie Barker and others have worked hard to make a success will take place on Monday at Ricks Park.

### Annapolis News.

Mr. Cargill the wife of Rev. M. Cargill is improving from her long illness.

Bishop A. W. Wayman preached an able sermon on Sunday to a large audience at Mt. Maria A. M. E. Church of which Mr. Cargill is pastor. Afterward they raised a collection toward paying the indebtedness of the Church $91,65.

Politics is running high in this election of the State. The state Democratic Convention is just over and they have nominated a man at the head of their ticket, whom the Republicans in jubilation hope to defeat. Colored men are awake to the sense of their duty in this politica contest.

### PERSONAL.

Prof. Crogman of Clark University a colored gentleman made such an impression upon his hearers by his speech at Ocean Grove last summer that he has just received an invitation to address Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's congregation the second Sabbath in next month.

The Washington letter is now a very attractive feature in nearly all of our representative colored journals. W. H. Richards is the facile correspondent of the Charlotte *Messenger*. H E. Baker is the cultured fellow that entertains the readers of the Detroit *Plain Dealer*, an the letters of R. S. Smith are most eagerly read by the readers of *The Globe*. All of these gentlemen are honored with the degree of LLM, and the exactness which correspondence is cultivating in them will be of service to them in their profession.

### Indian Names in Wisconsin.

Our readers are aware that most of the names of places in this vicinity are derived from the Indian tongue, some of them having been altered somewhat for the sake of euphony, as, for instance, Peshtigo for Pe-shet-i-go. We interviewed our old friend Captain Powell, the other day, who is well along in years, and was born here, and is almost as familiar with the Indian language as the Indians themselves, and he gave us the following as the significations of some of the names of the places in this vicinity:

Suamico—The yellow sand.
Oconto—The place of the pickerel.
Pensaukee—The place of the brar
Peshtigo—Snapping turtle.
Menominee—Wild rice.
Menekaune—The place where the lodges are; literally, the village.
Escanaba—A flat rock.
Manitowoc—The dwelling of the spirit.
Kewaunee—The name of a kind of duck.

Thus it will be seen that the Indians named places after some peculiarity of the location; or, as in the case of Manitowoc, after some superstition. Most of the American names are utterly meaningless, as applied to the locality, and we like the Indian plan the best.

Take for instance, Appleton, Seymour, New London, Preble, etc., which convey no idea whatever. Bellevue is better, but it is French, and is duplicated in other languages, as, for instance, Buena Vista, in Spanish. Fond du Lac is good and conveys an idea.

Oshkosh perpetuates the name of an Indian chief, and Marinette that of an Indian woman and both are very good.—*Green Bay Advocate.*

### Beauty.

Young man, don't marry a girl because she is pretty. Will beauty satisfy you through the life-long journey, to the exclusion of those moral qualities, mind and heart? Will beauty alone cook your dinner, train your children and prove a true solace in the hours of weary toil and trial—the lot of every man on earth? The poet has said:

"Beauty is a doubtful good, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

Wed not yourself to that which time will surely snatch from you, leaving the faded eye, withered cheek and vacant mind. Study well the character and capabilities of your choice. See to it that she possesses a mind capable of grasping the ordinary questions of the day; and that a portion of her time is spent in reading something besides fashion notes and novels. And above all, be assured that she is well disciplined in those virtues without which, home is wretched. Sweetness of temper is not incompatible with firmness or moral courage, and a woman possessing these attributes will not belong to the vapid, "wishy-washy" sort; but on the contrary the class who develop into noble wives and mothers, faithful in friendship, and devout Christians, capable of exerting both at home and in society, the best of an influence for the right and for virtue.

If to these high and independent qualities is added beauty, then your choice is indeed blessed of God. Take such a one to your heart, and while loving and cherishing, fail not to prove yourself worthy to be the possessor of such a priceless gem.

## THE COMPETITIVE DRILL

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*MONDAY OCT.* 15, 1883.

The Judges of the Drill will be Officers of the United States Army!

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Capt. C. B Fisher.
The Washington Cadets,
Capt. C. A. Fleetwood.
The Capitol City Guard, Co. "A"
Capt. Thos. S. Kelly.
The Capitol City Guard, Co. "B"
Capt. W. P. Gray.
The Lincoln Light Infantry,
Capt. Wm. Cornell.

The drill will be preceded by

A GRAND STREET PARADE

Of all the participating Companies.

The Parade to start at 1 o'clock, P. M., And march by way of the principal streets and avenues to the Drill Ground.

Owing to the number of Companes to take part in the drill, and the short daylight at this late season of the year, the company drawing First Place will commence to drill at

*THREE O' CLOCK SHARP*

The drill will close at Six o'clock.

A FINE BRASS BAND

Will accompany the parade, and also furnish choice selections in the intervals of the drill, while the companies are exchanging.

ADMISSION TO THE GROUNDS,

**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.**

Chairs on the Grand Stand 10 and 25 cents additional.

Tickets for sale by members of the committee, and of the several companies participating.

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Capt. W. P. Gray.

Sept. 15–5t

## ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

☞ Wanted to Complete Our Files, Copies of the ADVOCATE of the following dates:

1877.

JULY, - - - 28
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NOV. - - 24,

1878.

MARCH, - - 16,

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### How Chickens Get Out of Shells.

Take an egg out of a nest on which a hen has had her full time, carefully holding it to the ear; turning it around you will find the exact spot which the little fellow is picking on the inside of the shell; this he will do until the inside shell is perforated, and then the shell is forced outward as a small scale, leaving a hole. Now, if you will take one of the eggs in this condition from under the hen, remove it to the house or other suitable place, put it in a box or nest, keeping it warm and moist, as near the temperature of the hen as possible (which may be done by laying it between two bottles of warm water upon some cotton or wool,) and lay a glass over the box or nest, then you can sit or stand, as most convenient, and witness the true *modus operandi*. Now watch the little fellow work his way into the world, and you will be amused and instructed as I have often been. After he has got his opening, he commences a nibbling motion with the point of the upper bill on the outside of the shell, always working to the right (if you have the large end of the egg from you, and the hole upward,) until he has worked his way almost around, say with one-half of an inch of in a perfect circle; he then forces the cap or butt end of the shell off, and then has a chance to straighten his neck, and thereby loosening his legs somewhat, and so, by their help, forcing the body from the shell.—*American Farm Journal.*

### Pedigree of Maud S.

The remarkable trotting speed of a mile in 2:10¾, made by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's six-year old mare Maud S., at the Chicago Trotting Park, leads one naturally to look into the character of her ancestors, in order to account for her wonderful performance. Her sire was Harold (son of Rysdik's Hambletonian and Enchantress by old Abdallah. Her dam was Helen Russel by Pilot, son of Pacing Pilot; her third dam was Maria Russel, by Thornton's Rattler.) It will thus be seen that Maud S. is from fast stock and a good record might be expected of her. Her legs and feet are faultless in form, and apparently of a quality that will stand up under any amount of use; and judging from her actions on the track, she is as faultless in disposition as in conformation. This simply shows that breeding will tell, and that there is a great deal in pedigree, if made with some definite end in view. Like produces like.


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## TWICE BURIED.

### A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

BY MAJOR HAMILTON.

Half way from Leadville to the plains—half way, and by a new trail running into the southwest and down along the canyon of the Platte; half way only, and my horse worn, my food gone, and night close at hand. Night in February—death, cold!

I wrapped my blanket yet closer about my shoulders, and urged my steed forward through the gloaming.

"Curse my luck!" I muttered. "Except for Black Dan's threat I would have gone by the stage in comfort. And yet, to have to brave his gang would have been certain destruction. I'll warrant they've ambushed the night coach, intending to catch me

But I've slipped them this time, and Uncle Sam has the proof that he wants at last. Three days more, my rascals, and you'll jump these mountains or wear handcuffs, if I reach Pueblo alive."

I shook Charley's reins to hasten his speed, and whistled cheerily to Don, my St. Bernard.

"We must reach Johnston's ranch on the Platte, old friends, or sleep out, and it's too cold for that," I muttered.

I was returning from a search for certain desperadoes wanted in the courts at Pueblo.

The cut-throats had hidden in the mining camps about Leadville, and my search had been a long one. Finding them at last, however, and the proof of their crime with them, I was about to return and make arrangements for their arrest, when by some unknown means they learned who I was, and ed. Fled, pursued by the wrath of the worst man between the Gunnison and Denver—Black Dan. Had he found me my life would not have been worth a toss of a card. I must reach the settlements quickly and return with a force in order to capture my game, and that without delay.

In the gloaming of the morning I had begun my perilous horseback journey; in the gloaming of the evening I was continuing it. No soul had met me along the wagon trail, and I believed that I had tricked my enemies.

The blackness of the canyon crept up, the narrow trail ran down, and among great masses of boulders, across patches of snow, and again along the bare earth, I followed with watchful eye the indistinct path until, just at the verge of the last steep descent that should carry me into the river gulch I halted a moment to rest my weary horse.

"Only a little further, Charley," said I, dismounting and patting his drooping head; "a couple of miles more and we'll strike supper and a bed. You've done well, old boy, saved me—

A sudden fierce growl from my dog, as he sprang toward the shadow of the pines behind me, a single lance of light, a ringing report, and without a moan I threw my hands quivering into the air, whirled heavily away from my horse and fell. Black Dan had found me.

* * * * * * *

Slowly, and with great pain, consciousness returned—consciousness, for my brain was still alive, but not personally, for of my body I knew nothing

What had happened?

Laboriously my mind traveled through the midst of death that still surrounded it. Slowly one idea followed another until at last came the knowledge that I sought. I had been waylaid and shot.

Yes, I remember now. Remembered the cry of my dog, the ring of a rifle, the sheet of flame, the blow of the ball, and then—nothingness.

I had been shot and was dead.

And yet not dead, for pain revived, and dead men feel no pain. I was shot but not dead. And so came at last the consciousness of matter. I still lived.

I sought to rise, but could not, for I was bound, bound hands and feet, arms, legs, body, neck and head, fingers, lips and eyelids even, bound, yet not with cords.

Where was I? What was the trouble?

Nearer and still nearer came the truth as I groaned in spirit and struggled to gain knowledge of myself; nearer and still nearer, until with a mighty effort, throwing off all lethargy, I made one desperate attempt to rise; but the damp weight of newly-turned earth pressed upon my heart, the clinging bands of newly dug earth bound me, and with a wild cry of horror and despair I recognized my situation—I was buried alive.

I did not faint at first—life was too dear—but lay simply deadened, crushed by the blow, the loose mould admitting air for my respiration, my poor stunned brain rolling these words up and down: "Buried alive! Buried alive!" until from sheer madness and loss of desire knowledge fled a second time.

And then it was the tongue of my dog that awakened me. Don dug me out and lapped me back to life again.

As the dull gray of the winter's morning dawned, with groans I dragged my stiffened limbs from my narrow bed, and crept tremblingly down the trail toward the river, the blood oozing from a hole in my head, my eyes wild and fierce, my heart panting, my life half gone.

As I thought, Black Dan must have followed and ambushed me, then, supposing me slain, he had the grace to bury me. It was owing to his haste or carelessness that my dog had been able to paw the loose dirt from my grave, and save me.

If I could reach Johnston's ranch I might live; if not, I had been saved but to die a second time, for a fierce storm was brewing along the mountain tops above my head. My horse was gone, my rifle, pistol, knife, gone; only the dog remained, and faithful to the last, followed as I slowly and painfully trod the descending trail in the direction of the river.

Suddenly amid a wild roar of wind and creaking of trees and whirl of freezing snow, the storm burst, and in its fury swept me from my feet, and rolled me, crying and shouting, far down the canyon side, until a great boulder caught and held me.

Then it raged on.

Fierce and relentless the wind tore through the forest, pitiless and cold the snow fell, and except I had dragged my broken and bruised body into a cravesse of the ledge, I had died where I laid. Then even blacker than ever fell the storm, and raged unceaseingly through all the slow hours of the day, until night came a second time to cast its pall on the scene And as the darkness crept up from the east my dog, who all the day had laid at my feet, deserted me, speeding away through the shadow and snow. I was alone.

And so, faint, wounded, cold, departing, as the moments grew life flickered, and when at last midnight broke my lamp went out. Again I lay unconscious.

All night the gale continued, and not until the dawn of the second day did it cease, when the newly-fallen snow lay deep and white over all.

Within the deep crevesse of the rock, sheltered from the cold white death, and yet beneath it, I lay motionless. Above me the storm had spread a shroud so thick that no ray of light penetrated to my tomb. Half frozen, in a dreamless, painless sleep, the forerunner of a swift-coming rest, a mere wreck of a man, I was stretched upon a rock, and the glint of the sunshine among the pines or the tread of the wild beasts of the forest overhead mattered naught to me. When my eyes opened they beneld nothing, when my hands were outstretched they touched only the stone and the snow, when my tongue cried out no ears listened. Again I was entombed, and this time by an enemy more relentless than Black Dan even, by hands more stern and pitiless than his. Fate and the storms of the mountain combined against me. I was buried a second time, but now with death for a companion.

I knew that I could not escape, and the very thought quieted me.

There was no struggle, no moaning, no agony; only a dull recklessness and want of care for life that betokened the depth of my despair. I was dying. Slowly the moments passed. My thoughts were few and simple—thoughts of fire and flood, thoughts of home and friends and comfort, thoughts of things warm and bright, but even these were fading and my mind was wearily wrapping itself in the cloak of annihilation, and my body was sinking toward inanition when a bit of snow fell upon my upturned face.

Had it been fire it could not have aroused me more quickly.

The next instant more fell, and still more, and then light began to gleam, and I heard the hurrying scrape of feet mingled with low whining.

Don had returned and was digging me out.

The revulsion of feeling was terrific. A moment before I had laid passive in a tomb, looking for death, now I fought and tore at the loosening snow like a madman, mad with the thought of life.

Nearer and nearer came the rescuing feet, deeper grew the pile of snow beneath me, brighter the light above. The whining was mingled with growls now. Don had friends to aid him. The barrier was but three feet thick—two—one, it was gone, and even as I breathed the air of heaven and my heart leaped within me and my lips uttered a glad cry, a dozen pairs of great hollow eyes burned into mine, a dozen gaunt forms crouched before me gnashing their gleaming fangs. I had been rescued by a pack of mountain wolves.

For a single instant I surveyed my enemies—I, weak, wounded and unarmed; they strong, hungry and ferocious, a dozen to one—and then with a yell I sprang into their midst.

It was the act of a madman, but I was mad. Death should tear me limb from limb now, and with brave hands I clutched at the first grey monster before me, and grasped his shaggy throat as with hands of steel seeking to throttle him.

Then the entire pack with demoniacal howls hurled themselves upon me.

The struggle was short. I felt the hot breath of the brutes in my face, their red mouths yawned upon me; their strong claws tore my buck-skin shirt; their teeth snapped, when suddenly a great big white something was hurled from the bank of snow above into the midsts of the melee. A half dozen dark forms followed. Wild shouts, mingled with pistol shots and heavy blows, broke upon my ears, the red blood of my assailants dyed the spotless snow; their hideous eyes faded before me, and falling backward, I felt myself caught by strong arms, and the well-known voice of old Johnston cried, "Saved, thank God!"

Aye saved! and this time for life. My trusty dog had found the ranch and arousing the men by his strange actions; they had followed him in early morning to where I was hidden, arriving at the spot just in the supreme moment of need. I was saved, and five days later confronted Black Dan before the bar of the criminal court in Pueblo, and had the satisfaction of hearing sentence passed upon him, while he trembled as he stared at the man whom he had buried among the peaks of the Rockies.

Neither duty nor pleasure will ever again call me along the canyon of the Platte.

### Weight by Measuring.

The following rule for finding out the weight of an animal by measuring may prove convenient: "See that the animal stands square; then take his circumference behind the shoulder-blade—this is the girth. Then measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock, and direct the string along the back to the forepart of the shoulder-blade; this will be the length. Then work the figures thus: Suppose the girth of bullock 6 feet 4 inches, length 5 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together make 33 square superficial feet; and these multiplied by 23—the number of pounds allowed for each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than seven and more than five feet in girth—make 759 pounds. When the animal measures less than nine and more than seven feet in girth, 31 is the number of pounds to be estimated for each superficial foot. And suppose a small animal to measure 2 feet in girth and 2 feet in length, these multiplied together make 4 feet, which multiplied by 11—the number of pounds allowed for each square foot when cattle measure less than 3 feet in girth—make 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf or sheep, etc., to measure 4 feet 6 inches in girth, and 3 feet 9 inches in length, that multiplied together makes 16 square feet, and these multiplied by 16—the number of pounds allowed for cattle measuring less than 5 and more than 3 feet in girth—make 256 pounds. The dimensions of cattle, sheep, calves and hogs, taken this way, will give the weight of the four quarters of the animal, sinking the offal. A deduction must be made for animals half fat—of one pound in twenty from those that are fat; and for a cow that has had calves one pound must be allowed, in addition to the one for not being fat, upon every twenty."

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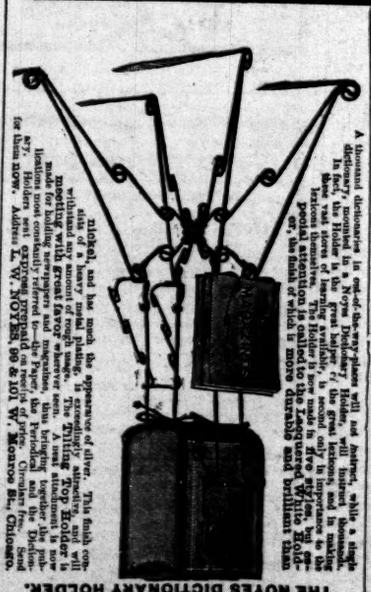

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